

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

1 O sa - cred head, now woun - ded, with
 2 What thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered was
 3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to

grief and shame weighed down, now scorn - ful - ly sur -
 all for sin - ners' gain; mine, mine was the trans -
 thank thee, dear - est friend, for this thy dy - ing

roun - ded with thorns, thine on - ly crown: O
 gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain. Lo,
 sor - row, thy pi - ty with - out end? O

sa - cred head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was
 here I fall, my Sa - vior! 'Tis I de - serve thy
 make me thine for - e - ver; and should I fain - ting

thine; yet, though des - pised and
 place; look on me with Thy
 be, Lord, let me ne - ver,

go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.
 fa - vor, and grant to me thy grace.
 ne - ver out - live my love to thee.